THE

Lady's Advice to her Lover.

To which are added,

FAIR MARGARET'S MISFORTUNES.

LOCH EROCH SIDE.

The LOVER'S PETITION.

LOTHARIO.

YOUTH the FITTEST TIME for LOVE.

GLASGOW,
Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON
Saltmarket, 1800.

The LADY'S ADVICE to her LOVER.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The common phraſe of love;
Be honeſt to yourſelf and me,
Speak truly what you hear and ſee,
and then your ſuit will move.

Why call me angel! Why divine!
Why muſt my eyes the ſtars outſhine!
Can ſuch deceit prevail?
For ſhame, forbear this common rule,
'Tis low, 'tis inſult, calls me fool,
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain my honeſt heart,
Addreſs my nobler, better part,
Pay homage to my mind;
The paſſing hours bring on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a roſe behind.

Let then your open manly ſenſe,
The moral ornaments diſpenſe,
And to my worth be true;
So may your ſuit itſelf indear,
Nor for the charms you ſay I wear,
But thoſe I find in you.

BRITISH MUSEUM 26 16 AUG

Fair Margaret's Misfortunes.

AS it fell out upon a day,
two lovers who ſat on a hill;
They ſat together a long ſummer day,
and could not take their fill.

I ſee no harm by you Margaret,
and you ſee none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock,
a rich wedding you ſhall ſee.

Fair Marg'ret ſat in her bow'r window,
a combing of her hair
There ſhe ſpy'd ſweet William and bride,
as they were a riding near.

Down ſhe laid her ivory comb,
and up ſhe bound her hair,
She went away forth from the bow'r,
but never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
and all men faſt aſleep,
There came the ſp'rit of fair Marg'ret,
and ſtood at William's bed-feet.

God give you joy you true lovers,
in bride-bed faſt aſleep;
Lo! I'm going to my green graſs grave,
and I'm in my winding-ſheet.

When day was come and night was gone,
and all men wak'd from ſleep,
Sweet William to his Lady ſaid,
my dear I've cauſe to weep.

I dream'd a dream, my dear Lady,
ſuch dreams are never good,
I dream'd thy bow'r was full of ſwine,
and my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, ſuch dreams, my honoured Sir,
they never do prove good,
To dream my bow'r was full of ſwine,
and thy bride-bed full of blood.

He call'd up his merry men all,
by one, by two, and by three;
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bow'r,
by the leave of my Lady.

When he came to fair Marg'ret's bow'r,
he knocked at the ring.
So ready were the ſeven brethren,
to let ſweet William in.

Then he turn'd up the cov'ring-ſheet,
pray let me ſee the dead;
Me thinks ſhe looks both pale and wan,
ſhe has loſt her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee Marg'ret,
than any of thy kin;
For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
though a ſmile I cannot win.

With that beſpoke the ſeven brethren,
making great piteous moan,
You may go kiſs your jolly brown dame,
and let our ſiſter alone.

If I do kiſs my jolly brown dame,
I do but what is right,
For I made no vow to your ſiſter dear,
by day nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
of white bread and your wine?
So much as is dealt at her fun'ral to-day,
to-morrow ſhall be dealt at mine.

Fair Marg'ret died to-day, to-day,
ſweat William he dy'd the morrow,
Fair Marg'ret dy'd for pure true love,
ſweet William he dy'd for ſorrow.

Marg'ret was buried in the low chancel,
ſweat William in the higher;
Out of her breaſt there ſprang a roſe,
and out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,
till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a true lover's knot,
and made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the pariſh,
as you this truth ſhall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
or they had now been there.

LOCH EROCH SIDE.

AS I came in by Loch Eroch ſide,
the lofty hills ſurveying,
The water clear, the heather bells
their fragrant ſweets conveying;

I met unthought my bonny laſs,
I found her like May morning,
With bluſhes ſweet and charms ſae rare,
her perſon all adorning.

Sae kind her look, how bleſt was I,
when in my arms I claſp'd her,
And ſhe her wiſhes ſcarce conceal'd,
as fondly I careſs'd her;

She ſaid, if that ye'll conſtant prove,
and evermore will love me,
I head not cares nor fortune's frown,
nor ought but grief ſhall move me.

But conſtant, loving, true, and kind,
for ever you will find me,
And of our meeting here ſae ſweet,
Loch Eroch ſide ſhall mind me.

Enraptur'd then, My lovely maid,
I cry'd, nae mair we'll tarry.
But leave the ſweet Loch Eroch ſide,
for lovers ſoon ſhould marry.

THE LOVER'S PETITION.

FAIRER than the opening lilies,
  ſweeter than the op'ning roſe,
Are the blooming charms of Phillis,
  richer ſweets does ſhe diſcloſe.

Long ſecure from Cupid's pow'r,
  ſoft repoſe had lull'd my breaſt,
'Till one ſhort and fatal hour,
  ſhe depriv'd my ſoul of reſt.

Cupid God of pleaſing anguiſh,
  from whoſe ſhafts I bleed and burn,
Teach, O teach the maid to languiſh,
  ſtrike fair Phillis in her turn.

From the torments in her breaſt,
  ſoon to pity ſhe'll incline;
And to give her boſom reſt,
  kindly heal the wound in mine.

LOTHARIO.

VAinly now ye ſtrive to charm me,
  all ye ſweets of blooming May,
How ſhall ever ſunſhine warm me,
  while Lothario keeps away.

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me,
  ſhade ye clouds the ſmiling ſky,
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
  ſofter ſunſhine fills her eye.

YOUTH THE FITTEST TIME FOR LOVE.

AS the ſnow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away:
So the beauties, ſo the graces,
Of the moſt bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,
By the ſlaves he once controul'd.
So the nymph if none could move her,
Is condemn'd by every lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are the effects your rigours move!
Soft careſſes, am'rous glances,
Melting ſighs, tranſporting trances,
Are the bleſs'd effects of love.

Fair ones! when your beauty's blooming
Employ time, leſt age reſuming
What your youth profuſely lends;
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old ſtories,
To your undeſerving friends.

Glaſgow, Printed by J. & M. Robert
Saltmarket, 1800.

AUG